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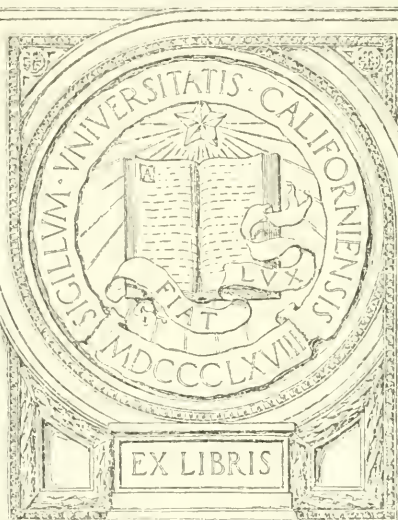


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— BALLADS



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Ten Ballads

by

BOCCACCIO

Accerbiu



ABROTHAS TO VIRU
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Ballad : Deifile

REGARDFUL through the meads I stray,
Where flow'rs their various hues display
When all that sweet and pleasing there,
I to my lover's charms compare.

I pick out such as fairest seem,
And laugh and talk as 'twere to him,
Which, when my am'rous tale is said,
I weave in chaplets for my head.

Whilst thus employ'd an equal joy,
I find, as though himself were by:
How great! no language can reveal,
'Tis that my sighs alone must tell:

Which, harshness and distrust apart,
Breathe warm the dictates of my heart;
Such as he ever shall approve,
And meet with equal zeal and love.

Boccaccio

Filomena's Song

SUCH my desire to meet my love,
That I with eager transport fly:
But why your long unkind delay?
Tell me, my swain, O tell me why?

The joys I from your converse feel
No pow'r of language can express;
Whilst your commanding smiles and voice
Conspire with mutual aid to bless.

Say, then, my life! when shall I meet,
And former vows of love renew?
Soon come the time, be long your stay;
For all my wishes point to you;

I'll hold you fast, when fortune thus
Auspicious crowns my fond desires;
Then haste, fly quick to my embrace;
That pleasing hope my song inspires.

Boccaccio

Ballad - Filostrato

SURE, none can more your pity move,
Than I, who am betray'd in love.

When my poor wounded heart,
For her of whom I now complain,
First felt the am'rous smart,
The greatest pain
As nought I deemed:
For she, since most unkind,
Then all perfection seem'd
But, ah! too late my error now I find.

So great the grief,
Which has my mind possest!
That vain is all relief,
And only death can give me rest;
'Tis that shall all my sorrows close
With a secure and long repose.

Yet ere I go,
Kind Cupid whisper in her ear
That 'tis for her,
I all these torments know:
Perhaps she may repent the usage past,
And grant my love a kind return at last.

Sure none can more your pity move,
Than I, who am betray'd in love.

Boccaccio

Dampinea's Song

O F all I want or wish possess,
Which of us here should sing but I,
Come, gentle Cupid, heavenly guest,
The constant source of all my joy!

And teach my late desponding lyre
No more in plaintive notes to mourn,
But mirth and am'rous joy inspire,
Whilst in your pleasing flames I burn.

You first before my eyes have plac'd
An ardent lover, gay and young;
With every manly virtue grac'd,
And soft persuasion on his tongue.

But what crowns all my hope is this,
Our hearts and wishes fondly join;
That mutual and the same our bliss,
His love sincere, and fix'd as mine.

Cupid, 'tis to your gift I owe
That in this world I'm amply blest;
May Heav'n, in whom I trust, bestow
In that to come, eternal rest.

Boccaccio

Ballad : Dionco

CUPID, the charms that crown my fair,
Have made me slave to you and her.

The lightning of her eyes,
That darting through my bosom flies,
Doth still your sov'reign power declare,
At your control
Each grace binds fast my vanquish'd soul.

Devoted to your throne
From henceforth I myself confess,
Nor can I guess
If my desires to her be known;
Who claims each wish, each thought so far,
That all my peace depends on her.

Then haste, kind godhead, and inspire
A portion of your sacred fire;
To make her feel
That self-consuming zeal,
The cause of my decay,
That wastes my very heart away.

Boccaccio

Song of Eliza

O love, could I escape from thee,
I always would be free,

From early youth I chose
Thy service as a sweet repose,
And all my power to thee consign'd;
But see, at last,
Thou, cruel tyrant, and unkind,
Hast bound me in thy fetters fast.

'Tis for a faithless swain,
I languish and complain;
Nor sighs, nor tears can move
His heart to love.

The winds, with inauspicious breeze,
Waft my unheeded prayers away,
Whilst hourly I decay;
Yet neither life nor death can please.
Then yield, in pity to my woe,
That he thy bondage too may know.

Cupid, I humbly ask of thee,
Or grant me this, or set me free;
This favour, if thou wilt bestow,
My youthful bloom
I shall resume,
And on my face again the rose and lily blow.

Minnuccio

GO, love, and to my lord declare
The torment which for him I find;
Go, say I die, whilst still my fear
Forbids me to declare my mind.

With hands uplifted, I thee pray,
O love! that thou wouldst haste away,
And gently to my lord impart
'The warmest wishes of my heart;'
Declare how great my sorrows seem,
Which sighing, blushing, I endure for him.

Why lacked I boldness to reveal,
For once, the passion that I feel?
To him for whom I grieve alone,
The anguish of my heart make known?
He might rejoice to hear my grief
Awaits his single pleasure for relief.

But if this my request be vain,
Nor other means of help remain,
Yet say, that when in armour bright
He march'd, as if equipp'd for fight,
Amidst his chiefs, that fatal day
I saw, and gaz'd my very heart away.

Boccaccio

Song of Pamfilo

SUCH the abundant am'rous joy,
With which my heart elate hath been,
As no restraint, no bounds to know
And flushing in my face is seen!

In vain my feeble heart essays
To paint what cannot be exprest;
And which more fully to have known,
Would bring but jealousy at best.

Could I have formed a wish like this,
My utmost hope have reached so far,
To clasp her yielding taper waist,
And press my eager lips to her?

Boccaccio

Ballad Emilia

WITH my own charms so blest am I,
Each other passion I defy;
For ever as I gaze I find
That good which still contents the mind;
Nor former flame, nor future love,
The dear enjoyment can remove.

Nor does the the good I thus possess
Become by long admiring less;
No—greater far's the joy I feel,
Than heart can think, or tongue reveal;
How great it is, they only know,
Who long have sweetly languish'd so.

And I (the more I fix my eyes,
And feel the pleasing passion rise)
Each thought direct, and wish confine,
To make the promis'd blessing mine,
And hope ere long a greater joy:
Where is the nymph so blest as I?

Boccaccio

Fiammetta's Song

*D*ID love no jealous cares infest,
No nymphs on earth would be so blest.
If sprightliness, and blooming youth,
An easy and polite address,
Strict honour, and regard for truth,
Are charms which may command success;
Then sure you will my choice approve,
For these all centre in my love.

But when I see what arts are tried,
By nymphs as fair and wise as I,
A thousand fears my heart betide,
Lest they should rob me of my joy;
Thus that for which I triumph'd so,
Becomes the cause of all my woe,

Would he prove firm to my desire,
No more I should myself perplex:
But virtues like to his inspire

The same regard in all our sex:
This makes me dread what nymph be nigh,
And watch each motion of his eye.

Hence, then, ye damsels, I implore,
As you regard what's just and fit,
That you, by am'rous wiles, no more
This outrage on my love commit:

For now, whilst thus you make me grieve,
You shall repent the pain you give.

Boccaccio

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